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broken snatches of melody, is heard. The next scene may be almost unreservedly praised. When Capulet announces to his daughter the near approach of her intended bridegroom, the agonized reflections of Juliet are accompanied (in a new key) by the orchestral passage, so sombre in its monotonous reiteration, to which passing allusion was made in speaking of the situation in Act I., where the love-struck girl is made aware that her Romeo is a Montagu. Here it comes again with real dramatic truth. But, perhaps, best of all in this fourth act is the scene where Friar Laurence describes to Juliet the effect of the sleeping draught, the simulated death to be caused by which is to save her from the hated alliance with Paris. In the first part of this is assigned to the orchestra a remarkable symphony, which, subsequently (in the last act), is played while Juliet lies asleep in the tomb of the Capulets ("Le Sommeil de Juliette"). The whole, however, is impressive; and the change in the character of the music, when the Friar makes his terrified charge comprehend that the effect of the draught will be temporary sleep, not death, and that, at the end of a certain period—"un jour," according to MM. Barbier and Carré, "two and forty hours," according to Shakspeare and Mr. Farnie—she will wake again to love and Romeo, is extremely happy. We may here add, as it is impossible to speak in detail of the performance of *Romeo e Giulietta* in the present article, that the delineation of this scene by Mdle. Adelina Patti, through the medium of by-play alone—Juliet being merely a listener during the narration of Friar Laurence—is one of the most subtle, eloquent, and altogether admirable pieces of acting witnessed for a long time past, not alone on the Italian lyric stage, but on any stage. The play of physiognomy exhibited by Mdle. Patti is quite extraordinary; and the sudden change from abject terror to newly-revived hope, when the words of the Friar convey the intelligence that life and happiness are yet in store for her, is nothing less than an inspiration of genius. This scene alone, if a display of consummate dramatic power may count, should draw all London to hear *Romeo e Giulietta*. But one thing ought to be borne in mind, people who have their eyes on the book instead of on the stage, may lose it all, or most of it, and thus be astonished at the report of others who have watched every movement, gesture and facial expression of the actress.

The fifth and last act is mainly built upon Shakspeare according to Garrick. Romeo opens the tomb of the Capulets; sees Juliet lying on her bier; swallows the poison just the instant before she revives; gradually succumbs under its fatal influence; and, when his mistress, flinging away the empty phial, which contains for her "no friendly drop," stabs herself with a dagger, dies in a last embrace. The music of this act, after the orchestral symphony ("Le Sommeil de Juliette"), already referred to, is appropriately gloomy. We have again a reference to the theme from the overture, by which M. Gounod probably intends to express the immeasurable love of Romeo for his Juliet, together with other tuneful reminiscences, when Romeo's delirium conjures up images of the past—the whole being strung together somewhat in the Wagner style, in all sorts of keys, and with no definite form, but (differing here from Wagner) highly dramatic, melodious, and expressive.

M. Gounod has now evidently adopted a

theory which in *Romeo et Juliette* he carries out more completely than in any of his previous works. We may differ from that theory; but we cannot dispute the great ability with which it is illustrated. In *La Reine de Saba* and in *Faust* are many indications of it; in *Mireille* the French composer seems to have partially renounced it; but, as if this was only to illustrate the saying, *reculer pour mieux sauter*, he has in *Romeo* advanced further than ever in the same direction. Whether he will ever arrive at the goal contemplated by Herr Wagner, where music and the other arts are to be mere accessories to poetry—the ideal of the Drama of the Future—we are unable to guess. If such be his bent, however, M. Gounod must go to a higher source than MM. Barbier and Carré,—say to Shakspeare himself; and he will then only be able (if able) to do what Mendelssohn has modestly done with *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. A glance at *Tristan und Isolde* would surely be enough to frighten him back again to abstract music.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the manner in which *Romeo e Giulietta* is placed upon the stage at Covent Garden Theatre, or of the performance which Mr. Costa, with the scant rehearsals practicable in this country, has succeeded in obtaining. But of this and of the merits of the principal singers—Mdle. Patti first of all, Signor Mario, who in spite of a cold and hoarseness for which a printed apology was circulated in the theatre on Saturday, was an ideal Romeo, if there ever was one, and the rest—we must take another opportunity of speaking.

#### ART MATTERS.

Constant Mayer is unquestionably one of the most poetical of our figure painters; in all his works we find a simplicity and purity of sentiment which render them eminently delightful, and withal attractive. Beginning with the "Consolation," we find him year after year painting pictures intrinsically simple in motive, yet treated with an infinite delicacy of style and feeling that imbues them with poetry and interest. In fact, in the very simplicity of Mr. Mayer's pictures lies their success—they each and every one tell a story—a genuine, home-like story of human nature, which appeals directly to the heart. There is nothing sensational in them; no straining after effect; none of that vulgar, blatant sentimentality which does so much to damage many of the figure pictures of the present day; instead of these, we have human nature presented to us in truthful colors, while, underlying all, runs a current of genuine pathos eminently delightful, poetical and true. Mr. Mayer has just commenced a picture illustrative of Whittier's ever popular "Maud Muller," a wofully hackneyed subject, but one in which he has managed to infuse a deal of originality, discarding all conventionality, and presenting us the love-lorn damsel, devoid of the time-honored rake and water-pitcher. It is hardly fair to judge of the merits of the picture at present, as it is just "laid in," but as it stands it promises to be one of the artist's most successful efforts.

Mr. Mayer also has under way, and nearly completed, the figure of an Indian woman, which is brimful of life and character, and strikingly original in conception and design.

There has lately been on exhibition at Schaus' Gallery, a really wonderful flower picture, by Brodie; such wealth of color and delicacy of execution have rarely been seen in a work of this class. It would be a good thing for some of our Preraphaelite painters to see this work and learn how much nearer they might approach to nature by discarding hardness and Chinese accuracy; giving us beauty of form and color, instead of willow tree patterns and the scrapings of their palettes.

Rosenberg has nearly completed his picture of "Long Branch by Moonlight," which promises to create a decided sensation when exhibited, not only from the originality of the subject, but from the care and elaboration of detail with which it has been painted. There is a deal of character and expression in the figures introduced, while the effect of moonlight is treated with infinite success.

Pickett is setting up a statue of "Cinderella," which bids fair to be the most successful work of this promising young sculptor. Mr. Pickett possesses the true secret of his art,—poetry—giving us busts and statues which, aside from beauty of outline, possess interest, grace and sentiment. The "Cinderella" is the largest work he has yet attempted, and if I mistake not, will earn for him a proud position amongst the foremost rank of American sculptors.

Hows is at work on an interior of St. Alban's Chapel, in this city, in which he is endeavoring to give a truthful representation of this much talked of church. Mr. Hows is almost the only one of our artists who has turned his attention to this class of subjects, and thus far, has met with great success; his picture of the "Lady Chapel," exhibited some few years since, having attracted considerable attention from its careful drawing, good coloring, and fidelity to nature. Since then, Mr. Hows has painted several pictures of a like character, but his "St. Alban's" promises to be his greatest success in this particular branch of art.

PALETTE.

#### MATTERS THEATRIC.

At last we have a real, downright good play. A perfect oasis amid a barren desert of rubbish; beneath whose shady trees we rest ourselves and listen with delighted ears to the purling waters of common sense, brilliancy, and dramatic grace.

"Caste" is the last effort of T. W. Robertson, Esq., the gifted author of "Society" and "Ours," and is fully up to the standard of excellence shadowed forth in those two productions. The great charm in Mr. Rob-

ertson's plays is the air of entire naturalness and lack of straining after effect by which they have been thus far characterized. You can take an interest in his *dramatis personæ*,—they are living, breathing men and women; men and women whom you meet and talk with daily, not those impossible creatures who have of late been stalking through the modern drama, utterly regardless of common sense or the animal creation. These are men and women whose counterparts you can find in every-day life; they have their hopes, their aspirations, such as you or I have; they are guided by the laws of reason, and do not consider it necessary to roll their eyes, stamp their feet, and say "Ha! ha!" at the end of every scene, or, in fact, upon every and the slightest provocation. They are, in short, human, not dramatic, beings.

The plots of Mr. Robertson's plays are invariably of the slightest materials, just strong enough to string a list of deftly-drawn characters upon; were one inclined to be hypercritical, he might say that these plots were too slight, too flimsy; but for all that they do their duty well, the duty of bringing into play the motives and objects by which men are actuated to good or evil deeds. That of "Caste" is fragile to the last degree of fragility. The Hon. George D'Alroy (Mr. Florence) falls in love with and marries Esther Eccles, (Mrs. Chanfrau) the daughter of a maudlin old drunkard (Mr. Davidge), who, with the aid of her sister Polly (Mrs. Florence), she has supported by dancing in the ballet. Matters progress happily for some six months, when D'Alroy's regiment is ordered to India, whither he goes, is reported to be captured and killed by the Sepoys, but returns in time to make everybody happy and effect a reconciliation between his aristocratic mother (Mrs. Gilbert) and humble wife. The most threadbare and commonplace of plots, yet worked out with such infinite cunning and artistic grace that one is fairly deluded into imagining it to be novel and original.

Of the acting of "Caste" at the Broadway Theatre, where it was produced on Monday evening, it is difficult to speak without lavishing forth into extravagantly hyperbolic praise; such uniform excellence has rarely been seen upon the metropolitan boards; from beginning to end the characters are represented with artistic acumen, fidelity to nature, and dramatic power. Mr. Florence has evidently employed his time well during his absence abroad, returning to us with far more polish and artistic instinct than he possessed two years ago; his George D'Alroy is conceived from the quiet English point of view, which frowns at rant and prefers even tameness to undue power; but Mr. Florence is not a whit too tame as this "sprig of nobility"—gentlemen in real life do not howl out virtuous platitudes, albeit the gentlemen

of the stage would have us believe so, and although one may be vexed at times at the apparent tameness of Mr. Florence's interpretation of the role he cannot avoid giving him great praise for the tone of genuine gentility which pervades it all. A foreign tour has not much improved Mrs. Florence, however, she is still the same hoydenish, *pronon-cée* lady she was in years gone by, and, although these qualities show to good advantage in Polly Eccles, it is impossible to render her equal praise with her husband. Mrs. Chanfrau comes back to us right welcome to the New York stage—always a sensible actress, she has visibly improved since her last appearance in this city, her Esther being very little short of feminine (dramatic) perfection—the *dénouement* of the second act, and the burst of rapturous joy in the final one are really thrilling in their intensity. Mr. Davidge is an actor too seldom seen amongst us of late years—he is an actor of genuine sterling merit, a dramatic diamond of the first water. One has only to see his Eccles to be entirely relieved of all doubt in the matter—the brutal father, degraded drunkard, and maudlin "trades-union" speaker are given to the life, and you hardly know whether to weep over his failings or laugh at his drunken absurdities. Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. O. Marlowe give us two admirable pictures of aristocracy as the Marquise de St. Maur and Capt. Hawtree—cold, stiff, unbending, but, for all that, possessing hearts that have the ring of true metal; Mr. Marlowe is particularly excellent, and, save a somewhat exaggerated drawl, his Hawtree is almost *sans reproche*. Mr. Lamb's Sam Gerridge, too, must not be forgotten; although a little too Yankee-ish in conception, it is still remarkably funny, ludicrous, and laughter provoking. In fact they are one and all superb in their respective characters—each and every one being a separate and distinct masterpiece in itself, reflecting equal credit upon playwright and actors. Seldom, indeed, has it been the pleasant duty of the critic to record so unequivocal success as that achieved by "Caste" on Monday evening; and this in the face of calf, blue fire, and blood and thunder—which appear to hold the stage at the present day. It merely shows that, despite outside influences, we still retain some love and appreciation for the thoroughly beautiful and good.

The mounting of the play is all that could be desired; the scene in the second act fully equalling some of those irreproachable interiors with which we are so often delighted at Wallack's. Taken altogether, "Caste" has made a genuine "hit," and, although there are some disagreeable legal difficulties attending its production at this establishment, it is to be hoped there will be no further injunction placed upon its performance; for, as performed by the Broadway company, it is

a treat one rarely finds upon the metropolitan boards of the present day, and reflects infinite credit upon the actors, and speaks much for the good taste of the management.

If you are fond of contrasts, after seeing "Caste" go and see the "Bear and the Maiden,"—a futile attempt to galvanize into life one of the worst of Planché's burlesques, at Banvard's Museum. Here you will have really beautiful scenery and a batch of patriotic twaddle which will alternately delight and sicken you. John Bull comes in for his just share of abuse as a matter of course, and in this delectable rehash we find steady Sir Aldgate Pump transformed into meteoric Sir Morton Peto;—the good taste, at least, of this metamorphosis is somewhat questionable. Poor John Bull! like "Old Dog Tray," he has had his day;—let the poor old gentleman, then, rest in peace; he has been sufficiently abused in Irish, patriotic American, and muscular horse-drama already, Heaven knows! Even the wicked must sleep sometimes, so let poor J. B. have a little rest, out of mere charity, if nothing else!

Lotta still bounces at Wallack's, and what is more, bounces to good effect—the houses and treasury being correspondingly full.

John Brougham has revived "Pocahontas" at the Olympic, roaring, revelling, swaggering through good King Powhatan with all his accustomed jollity.

And so the dramatic racer jogs along his course, despite hot weather and adverse roads.

SHUGGE.

In an Episcopal church in the north of Scotland, a porter, employed during the week at the railway station, does duty on Sunday by blowing the bellows of the organ. The other Sunday, wearied by the long hours of railway attendance, combined, it may be, with the soporific effects of a dull sermon, he fell asleep during the service, and so remained when the pealing of the organ was required. He was suddenly and rather rudely awakened by another official, when apparently dreaming of an approaching train, he started to his feet and roared out, with all the force and shrillness of stentorian lungs and habit, "Change here for Elgin, Lossiemouth and Burchhead." The effect upon the congregation, sitting in expectation of a concord of sweet sounds, may be imagined.

"Music both in theory and practice, vocal and instrumental, I consider a necessary part of education, on account of the soothing and purifying effect of the melodies, and because men, wearied with more serious pursuits, require an elegant recreation."—*Aristotle*.

That was a smart youngster who, hearing his mother remark that she was fond of music, exclaimed, "Then, why don't you buy me a drum?"

Herr Goldberg has left London for the Continent.